Does he love me well-does he love me well? No doubt in her heart the maiden knew; But in whispers soft she said again, Thistle-down, thistle-down, tell me true

For every maid in the wide world knows That sweet, sure prophecy. Dolly drew Her little mouth into reschud shape, Saying, oh, thistle-down, tell me true!

Yes, he loves you well. Oh, he loves you well! When will be come? He will come to-day! Tut. is the answer the thistle down Gives to her heart, as it flies away.

And Dolly that night, at the garder gate, And Harry, the farmer, bray, and brown, Look into such other's even at, l say . "A prophet true is the thistle-down.

CARLOUTA PERRY.

CHASING A FORTUNE.

Both at school and at college, Bernard Hooker bad been one of the wildest youthe imaginable. He had been the terror of meek companions, the aversion of order-loving dominies, the triumph ant ontwitter, on more than one occasion, of even that great man, the proc-

But these haleyon days were past, Any particular exuberance of spirits, in Bernard's present position, would have been as phenomenal and incongruous with his surroundings as the presence of English hedge-blossoms in Eastern desert. He was chained to the oar of daily toil as tightly and as hopelessly as any galley-slave. The sturdy symmetry his figure, the humorous cast of his frank, open countenance, the twinkle of his light-blue eyes, were all that out-wardly remained of the idiosyncrasies that had made him the idol of his comrades in class and on college walk. The pressure of adverse circumstances had put an iron curb upon his vivacity, if it had not altogether crushed it.

He had looked forward to reading for the bar, with the prospect, if he displayed ability, of a capital start in his chosen profession by reason of his father's podtion and influence. Instead of this, Bernard Hooker found himself at the age of two-and-twenty, merely an insig-nificant unit in the already overcrowded ranks of professional quili-drivers. His father had become the dupe of an

unprincipled business partner, and had lost everything. Even Edwin Hooker's hitherto fair fame had suffered aspersion for it had been hard to persuade the great carcless world that the villainy, which had made the trading name Hooker & Glenning a by-word in the city, was the work of Archer Glenning ne. Yet it was so, and the criminal trial which followed the crash told a tale of forged signatures and stolen securi ties which set the elder and victimized partner free, and would certainly have relegated the junior to the keeping of prison-wardens for a long term of years had he remained to face the storm. He had fled and carried with him Edwin Hooker's fortune.

Thus it came about that the son was

earning his daily bread in the Fembury branch bank of Kenworth & Co. That he was located in the country, with open skies above him and pleasant fields around him, was the one mitigating eircumstance of his hard and dreary lot. In other respects even the average L andon bank-clerk was better off. Mr. Hollis, Messrs, Kenworth's Fembury manager, was an irac tible little man, who believed as firmly as an Egyptian task-master, in getting the very utmost in the way of effort out of his subordinates. The bank hours might nominally be from 9 to 5, but he had a trick of piling on extras, which materially lengthened them.

It would be, "These letters cannot be left, Mr. Styles," or "This ledger re-quires attention, Mr. Hooker," To have refused, or even expostulated, was to court instant dismissal, for Mr. Hollis was as passionate as he was haughty and knew himself to be invested with plenary power within the bank precincts. ere was no resource but to obey.

It was a bright May morning, fragrant in the Fembury lanes with the scent of early wild flowers and vocal with the melody of birds. It was market day in the little country town, and the clink of gold in consequence frequently resounded on the bank counter. As a rule Bernard Hooker paid little or no attention to the fitful procession of clients that passed the door on the right. He was not cashier, and the burden of his own duties was sufficient for his oftentimes weary shoulders. But as the surly office clock announced the quarter before the Inneheon interval the sound of a voice he surely knew mingled with its dull bass. An instinctive tremor ran through every fiber of the young man's body. He looked sharply up, T What he saw for the moment puzzled him and seemed to refute the evidence of his cars.

The voice was emphatically that of Archer Glenning; the outward presentment of the speaker was that of an absolute stranger. But a closer scrutiny and the recollection of the fact that the accomplished swindler was of necessity a fugitive, explained the phenomenon Edwin Hooker's absconding partner was of a truth there in the flesh before Bernard's eyes, but so cunningly disguised that the cleverest Scotland Yard detective might have been pardoned for a blunder. The shapely mustache and heavy beard had both vanished; the light auburn locks of the "Hue and Cry" description were now raven black; the very eyebrows had discarded nature and applied for protection to the artist in flesh and hair tinting, In carriage and in attire the revolu-

tion was equally striking and equally complete. The stately, upright gait of the Lombard street merchant was exchanged for a stooping shamble that would have provoked the ridicule of many a clodhopper. The trim dressinvariably on the model of the latest mode in past days—was superseded by a hybrid make-up of turf and stable cos-

And yet Bernard was sure of his man. That crisp, metallic utterance was in itself a well-nigh sufficient clew. It swakened bitter reminiscences with the enunciation of every syllable.

"Wil you be good enough to cash this check, please?" The cash was shoveled out on the gleaming mahogany, and an instant later had found a new resting-place in the stranger's purse. He turned, and for a second caught the half-stupefied glance of the young clerk. The effect was magical—a scared, terror-stricken expression leaped into the furtive, shifty eyes, and every vestige of color forsook the sallow cheeks. Bernard Hooker was

recognized in his turn.

With the sharp click of the closing door, Bernard's sense returned to him. Here, when least expected, was the opportunity of recovering lost hopes. The rumor that the scoundrel had sailed for South America was plainly false. He was still within reach of British justice, and, if captured, might be compelled to disgorg his plunder, or at least such portion of it as was yet unsquandered, He must be followed, tracked, and that instantly! The fatuity that had brought him on some casual errand to Fembury and to Messrs. Kenworth's bank musbe translated, by immediate enterprise, into a manifestation of that Nemesi which, by the logic of the story-books,

trends inevitably on the heels of wrong. A decision was reached in far less time than it takes to recount the fact. Bernard seized his hat, and with a muttered incoherent apology, pushed his way past his scandalized superior, and literally ran down the stone steps into the street.

"What is the meaning—? Is the fellow mad?" gasped Mr. Hollis, a portentous frown gathering upon his brow, It was certainly mysterious behavior and the fellow clerk to whom this query was presumably addressed, was taken nearly as much aback as his chief. He had no explanation to offer,

Careless of the consternation which his abrupt proceedings had occasioned, Bernard's steps were toward the railway station. This was clearly the aim of the

To be thirty seconds too late is, under all circumstances, abundantly annoying. This was Bernard Hooker's lot on the present occasion. He reached the plat-form of the Fembury station just in time to see the up train steam into the yawning gulf of the north tunnel, and to know that in one of that train's compartments sat, in regained security, his father's foe and his own. There was nothing to do but to confess failure, and to return, after dining, to the drudgery of the bank desk. He did not ever know the alias of the rogue, and, after all, his evidence of identity, might fail to convince another. It would be useless to appeal to the local police force for these reasons,

"An impudent and a madeau freak, Mr. Hooker, whatever may be your excuse, growled Mr. Hollis, "If you want to leave the office in a hurry again to overtake anybody-anybody, sir!good enough to ask leave."

Bernard was compelled to promise that ke would. For the rest of the alternoon he went on his way with the tedious columns of figures in a state of mental agitation and chagrin unparalleled since the days on which he had learned that his parent's bankruntey was unavoidable. "Those scraps of paper, Mr. Styles, had better ornament the waste-basket than the floor."

The manager's accents were barsh and quernlous; his temper seemed to have been soured for the day, by Bernard Hooker's escapade.

"I have not dropped them, sir," replied the inculpated junior, resenting as much as he dared the implied charge of untidiness, "One fell from your own desk, and the other was left behind by the gentleman whom Mr. Hooker tried

Bernard's ears tingled anew. What if the last mentioned fragment should bear upon its surface some clew to the villain's assumed name or whereabouts! By easy strategy he gained possession of the slip, and found it to be half an envelope, with the letters "Joyn--" on one side, and the postmark "Ickford" on the other. This might or might not lead to a discovery.

In the solitude of his own apartments that evening Bernard Hooker searched out the name of Ickford on a Brad-shaw's map. He found it to be that of a small town in the north of England. "Whatever the consequence, I'll run

down there and make inquiries, win, the game will be worth the candle," he soliloquized.

letter box accounted—though hardly satisfactory to the critical judgment of Mr. Hollis-for the second clerk's ab-At Ickford the trail was unmistaka-

bly struck. Skillful investigation showed that a Mr. Joynson -whose outward man appeared to tally precisely with Bernard's sketch description—had been staying at the chief hotel for several weeks, and had posed as an individual of position and wealth. Alas! it showed also that he had decamped with both bag and baggage a few hours before Bernard's arrival, '

"Foiled a second time!" mouned that young man in bitterness of spirit, "The scamp has smelt danger, and probably will make for South America or some other safe hiding place in earnest now,

With hopes sinking rapidly below zero again, Bernard took ticket for Lon-He would put a professional detective on the track and then return to Fembury. If Mr. Hollis dismissed him for his pains, he must just recommence his weary fight with fortune in some other arena.

"Why, Bernard! This is an agreeable surprise indeed! I was wondering not above a day or two ago what had become of my ancient ally. So many pranks as we've been guilty of together! Ha, ha !"

The speaker was Frank Allerton, Bernard's dearest college chum, and a young Northern squire, whose sister Amy-but this was a romantic dream which had faded into an absurdity in the thick gloom of environing disaster. Why recall it?

The new comer had joined the train at Cotchley Junction, and, like Bernard, was bound for the metropolis. As the friends were alone in the compartment, Bernard's story was soon told. "And you are hunting the rascal

"I have attempted it, and he has beaten me. "What sort of a fellow is he-in per-

sonal appearance, I mean?" For the fourth or flith time Bergard ran glibly over the salient characteristies of that figure which fate, rather than any conscious mental effort, had photographed so minutely upon his memory.
"It is he exactly!" cried Frank Aller-

ton, with an almost ludierous combina tion of amazement, disgust and wrath mirrored upon his countenance, the fellow has been living at Beckham, within astone's throw of our own manor house, for eight or ten months. Mr.

"Yes, that is the name he is using." "Is reputed in the village to be worth half a million of money, more or less. He is the resource of all the amateur mendicants in the district, and figuring as a well-to-do bachelor, he has even dared to make certain proposals for my sister's hand. Amy refused his hand solely on the ground of disparity of years.

Not solely on that ground, Bernard took leave to hope, in despite of his friend's dogmatism. But he had no word to answer at the moment. And there was excuse for his temporary bewilderment in the presence of so strange and unlooked-for a revelation. In the hour of his darkest despair the fair promise of

contingent victory had come.
"What a reckless and daring hypocrite the man must be !" Frank continued. "I'll admit I never liked him from the first, but I had no idea of such a sword of Damocles being suspended over his head. Amy has had a lucky escape; and she will think so," At last Bernard regained his power of

"I'll go on to London now," he said, "apply for a warrant, and acquaint my tathet with the facts; and then, in company with a police officer, seek out Mr. Joyneon at home."

The programme was fulfilled, and success crowned the enterprise. A few weeks later commercial circles were dis cussing everywhere a new cause celebre, and the strange change of events-as unfolded in the speech of counsel for the prosecution-by which not only had a notorious swindler been immeshed in the net of the law, but stolen bonds had found their way back into the coffers of

the rightful owners.

But not the least happy result to Bernard Hooker was that he learned from Amy Allerton's own sweet lips that at least one reason beyond that of age had existed for her refusal of Archer Glenning's suit. She had already bestowed

her heart upon her brother's friend. Her hand soon followed. And now Bernard Hooker-a rising and popular barrister-sometimes tells his wife with a smile that on a certain memorable May day he chased a fortune in two senses.

THE DEAR OLD WIFE Her Heart Aches with Longing for One Word of Love.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Why should the woman who has been the faithful wife of years need other beautifying appliances than the remembrances of all that she has been and done in those years? She and her hus band are growing old together; she does not love him an iota the less for his grayness, his baldness, his pallor, his graven lines; under all of them she sees the man who won her heart so many years ago. In his taste for beauty, his refinement and cultivated sense, so much more neute than hers that he alone of the two must needs see change, and feel loss and dissatisfaction, and manifest the feeling? Yet how many days there are, whether it be from this feeling or from simple indifference, that the old wife wearies and her heart aches with longing for one word of all the old words that used to be poured in her ear, for one caressing gesture of the hand, for one action that has no other end or aim in view but the evident promotion of her happiness? No matter how old she is, be she even all her threescore years and ten, the weman does not live who can live happily without love, and if she has a husband, and they are living together in apparent amity, without his love and some proof of it. She knows that there have been old lovers long married, she remembers the sweet ballad of "John Anderson my jo, John," which never moved her when she was young, but now seems to have been written for herself, and she sighs for some expression from her husband that shall make her state resemble that of those old lovers, It is the indifference that breaks her beart, she does not know, in her darkness concerning it and the reasons for it, how soon it may turn to hate: she does not know but she would rather it were hate, and done with. Without that love which has been the breath of her life in the past, she must fail, or sink and wither into self-centred indifference herself; with it, she could still lift her portion of the world like Atlas. She is singularly unselfish if the want of it does not make her review her life and all its labors and sacrifices, and arouse an indignation over the injustice of her lot, in which either the flame of her life or of her love must burn out. It would cost the husband of this old wife

a man who doubtless does kindnesses to others-but little thought or exertion to manifest a love that may be warm be-neath its crust, brief mentions of gratification or of pain now and then, smiles, confidences, turning for smypathy when together, movements of old-fashioned courtesy when with others; all this would not greatly impair his own powers through exertion, and it would raise her again to her proud place among happy wives, whose love and whose receipt of love outlast their very life, Fortunate for the world is it that, if there are some who do differently, the greater number

and would utter for her epitaph no worse words than · Underneath this stone doth lie As much virtue as could die, Which, when alive, did vigor give To as much beauty as could live."

of husbands see, under the mask that

age has built, the woman of their love,

Pleuro-Pneumonia in Ohio. THE STATE AUTHORITIES POWERLESS TO

STAMP OUT THE DISEASE.

Mr. N. L. Bonham, of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, writes that the members of his board, who have been giving attention to the reports of pleuro-pneumonia in some of the herds of Jersey cattle in the western part of the State, have become satisfied of the existence of the disease, and fear that is has become so disseminated that it will be impossible to stamp it out. The first herd which was reported as affected was in Miami county. Dr. Solomon made an investigation of the disease in this herd, and reported to the board that twelve head had contracted the disease in a chronic form, and ought to be immediately killed. Money was at once raised by contributions to pay the owner for the cattle, and it was agreed that, after being slaughtered, the lungs of these cattle should be dissected in the presence of as many cattle men as could be got together, in order that they might be able to detect the disease should it ap-pear in their own herds. Dr. Solomon was of the opinion that if the diseased animals in the Miami county herd were slaughtered and the remainder of the herd quarantined for three or four months, the disease might be eradicated. But before this was done he was called to Montgomery county, and he has re-ported to the State Board the discovery f pleuro-pneumonia in several herds there. The Board therefore decided that it would be useless to fight the dis-ease with the limited means at their command. There is no State veterinarian, and no State law that is at all ade quate to the emergency. Some of the members of the board have suggested the convening of the Legislature immediately, for the purpose of enacting a law by which the disease may be eradi-

will be irreparable. THE PUBLIC LABORERS. - Representatives from the Bricklayers' Union and from the Stonecutters' Union recently called upon Commissioner Thompson of the Department of Public Works of New York city, and urged him to in-crease the pay of the bricklayers and stonecutters employed in his depart-ment. After full inquiry into the matthat the bricklayers' pay be increased upon Sept. 1 from 40 cents per hour to \$4 per day of eight hours, and that the wages of the stonecutters be advanced from \$3.50 per day to \$4 per day of eight hours.

Mr. Bonham says that unless

something positive is done soon, the in-

jury to the cattle interests of the State

OUR SANITARIUM.

Dinlogue Between a Fat and a Lean Man Inspired by Ice-Water.

"Bring me a glass of ice-water," said the hot, dusty, worried man of business the other day, as he rushed into a res-taurant to eat his luncheon. The waiter hurried off and soon came back with a big pitcher of the cooling drink. The man filled his glass and drank the water, and again he filled his glass and emptied

"My friend," said a gentleman at the other side of the table, "you'll be hotter in ten minutes than you were when you came in. Now, I'm just about as warm as you are, but I'll walk out of this restaurant refreshed and cooled by my luncheon, but you won't."
"Oh, bosh!" said the hot man, as he

wiped the beads of perspiration from brow. "Ice-water's cool, ain't it; and how can it make me hotter?" "Well, wait and see. There's a dif-ference in ice-water and the way you

take it. Ah, here comes my luncheon and yours, too. You see, mine consists of a glass of iced milk, a piece of nicely broiled fish, sliced tomatoes, graham bread, boiled potatoes, and rice and milk with berries. There are none of them heating. I shall sip my milk leisurely while eating, and eat as slowly as pos sible. Now, what have you there? Oh, a beefsteak, a kidney stew, hot corn, fried potatoes, apple fritters, a cup of hot coffee and custard pie. My dear sir, if it was Christmas Eve you might find some excuse for eating such stuff. But you, a Christian-looking fellow, to be lunching on such things with the thermometer at ninety degrees in the

"But you're a thinner man than I !" exclaimed the fat man, as he ate a big piece of pie, "and I don't see as it's any of your business, anyhow."

"I know you do not; you are ungrateful, like most people, when one is trying to benefit them," answered the thinner man, as he daintily took a piece of his fish and a slice of tomato, "and as for your being fat, allow me to say that you would be much better-looking if a little of that same fat was removed. You eat too much, although you are probably not aware of the fact, and you have plenty of company," and the thinner man, with the clear eye and the smooth brown skin, waved his hand backward, where thirty or more hot men were eating hot dishes faster than Mand S, can trot. "It is the fault of you New Yorkers. You take ten minutes for dinner, swear at the waiter if he doesn't bring it to you in a second, then you smoke cigars and drink ice-water."

"Well, what harm does it do us?" asked a fat man, as he ate fried potatoes

and drank coffee, "Just this: You get overheated, are cross at home, are liable to have apoplexy, almost always have some disease of the kidney and liver, and grow bald. By the way, you are quite bald now, and you can't be fifty, yet," and the thinner man put a spoonful of blackberries in his mouth, "You ought to be able to keep your hair unt l you are sixty, at least, but you'll probably be dead by that time, so of course it makes no difference,"-N. Y. Journal.

The Village Park

The village park should be protected by the stock law, and not by fences and hedges. Clear such contrivances entirely away. The village park should be sin ple, undertaking none of the artificial achievements of large city parks. They are ridiculous unless complete, and costly. A fountain in a rockery is enough; but more pains should be taken to furnish abundant water for the traveler and passing horse than to throw the finest jets for beauty. No village orna-ment is in taste that precedes comfort and utility.

The best arrangement for a village park is one that fits it most readily to the highways and village crosswalks, Many of our villages have grown up around a green or common. This should improve in a line with the general im-provements of the town. The elm is the best of natives where it grows well. The linden is a grand tree for shade and sweetness. The maple, of course, will never lack for sympathiz ers. In this country the beech is not well appreciated. It is a delicious tree for park or lawn-clean, sweet, bright, and dense of shade. While not to be recommended for street culture, it is pre-eminently available for parks. It is by no means desirable that a village park be graded down to a dead level. Leave the general grades of nature, if possible, and utilize them in planting. swale is available for certain trees and shrubs that prefer moist spots. A fountain among rocks is especially desirable. Exclude spouting iron ducks and negroes and angels. Let the water play naturally among the stones. The ripple of a brook is the sweetest music to key with the birds overhead. Evergreens do not belong to a park in any profu-sion. Generally they will, if used, need to be trimmed up a few feet.

Each village has its special opportunities. To learn to utilize nature for man's bodily and mental advantage is all there is to horticulture.

Why He Likes Horses.

Bonner, the Ledger man, when asked what gave him a taste for fast horses, was troubled about thirty years says h ago with constant headache and vertigo and troubles of various sorts and kinds and his physician directed him to try horseback riding. He did so, but the exercise was too violent, and he was induced to purchase a span of horses.

The very first day he went up the road, then known as Harlem lane, he overtook Commodore Vanderbilt and Col. Harper, who were the only two men in town who owned notably fast horses. They easily passed Bonner whenever they cared to, and he, finding health and rest in the exercise, determined from that time on to own horses that no one could pass, and the consequence is that, going on from one purchase to another, beginning with Lantern and Mate. way back in 1859, until to-day when he is the owner absolute of Maud S., and has expended in horse flesh all told, not less than \$500,000.

SAVAGE PUNISHMENT.-The bastinado is still one of the authorized punish-ments in Egypt, and is so terrible that even the silent and much-enduring Arabs scream with pain after the first few strokes. First the victim is laid on his face on a stone and held firmly. Then his legs are raised till the flat soles of his feet are uppermost and secured in that position. The lash is a species of cat, but with five strands instead of nine, and it stings and cuts frightfully. The torture is inflicted for very slight offences, and maims the sufferer for many days.

The American people are said to spend \$30,000,000 a year for photographs. This sounds like a positive assertion, but it has its negative side.—Norristown Harald,

It is strange how many bank presidents and cashiers prefer to settle in Canada who did not settle here.

Green Apples!

Eaten in the spring time, or any other season, is liable to give one a bowel trouble, which can be speedily checked by the use of Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cor ial, the GREAT SOUTHERN REMEDY, that will certainly cure Cramp Colic, Diarrhosa, Dysentery and restore the little one gradually wasting away from the effects of teething. For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle.

A man in Putnam county, Fla., has killed dixty-eight alligators in one week.

noth the Mason & Hamlin organs and pianos excel chiefly in that which is the chief excellence in any musical instrument, quality of tone. Other things, though important are much less so than this. An instrument with numusical tones cannot be a good musical in-strument. Yet all are not good judges of such a matter. An inferior quality of tone will often please the uncultivated ear best at first; though time and use will reveal the su-perfority of really good tone. Hence in se-lecting an organ it is safer to choose one from a maker whose reputation is thoroughly es-tablished, and whose productions are acknow-knowledged to have superlative excellence, especially in this chief thing.—Boston Jour-

Bec-keeping in South Florida is attracting

Awest Gum and Malicin.

Very few realize that in the exudation they see clinging to the sweet gum tree there is a powerful stimulating expectorant principle, and in the old field mullein a mucilaginous one that is very healing to the lungs. These two principles presents in Taylor's Cherokee Rem-edy of Sweet Gum and Mullein a pleasant and effective cure for Croup, Whooping-Cough, Colds and Consumption. Sold by all druggists at 25c and \$1.00 a bottle.

The Louisiana rice crop aggregate 250,000

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only reparation of beef containing its entire nutri-ous properties. It contains blood-making orce generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists. Mississippi has the third best State Library

Is Your Blood Pure? For impure blood the best medicine known, Scovill's Sarsajarilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, may be implicitly relied on when everything else fails. Take it in the spring time, especially for the impure secretions of the blood incident to that a ason of the year; and take it at all times for camer, scrotula, liver compaints, weakness, boils, tumors, wellings, skin die a es, malaria and the wellings, skin discales, malaria and the wellings, skin discales, malaria and the thousand it's that come from impure blood. To insure a cheerful discoition take this well known medicine, which will remove the prime cause, and restore the mind to its natural equilibrium.

It is estimated that the nut crop of the South this year will be worth \$3,000,000.

Young Men!-Rend This. THE VOLTAGE BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAGE BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgis, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and parahysis of which is injuried. and manhood gus anteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Virginia will harvest this year one million ne hundred thousand bushels of peanuts. MOTHERS.

If you are failing; broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1. Druggists.

It is computed that the forests of Texas will supply the whole country with lumber for years.

They Will Surely Find You. They are looking for you everywhere. Drafts of air in unexpected places, going from hot rooms to cool ones, carelessness in changing clothing:—In short anything which ends in a "common cold in the head." Unless arrested this kind of cold becomes seated in the nucous membrane of the head. Then it is Catarrh. In any and all its stages this disease always yields to Ely's Cream Balm. Applied to the nostrils with the finger. Safe, agreeable, cer-

Island ten, below Memphis, where in ante sellum days 5,000 men was stationed, has now disappeared.

ain. Price fifty cents,

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

Shakespeare tells how this can be accomplished in one of his immortal plays; but debts to insture must be paid on demand unless days of grace te obtained through the use of Dr. Fierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is not a "cure all" but invaluable for sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, consumption, and all diseases of the pulmonary and other organs, caused by scrofula or "bad blood." Scrofulous ulcays, swellings and tumors are Scrofulous ulcers, swellings and tumors are cured by its wonderful alterative action. By druggists.

Mayor Whiteside, of Chattanooga, purchased very fine pointer dog in St. Louis for \$250.

"ROUGH ON PAIN." Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 20 and 50c.

The gamblers are on top at Fort Worth, Texas. Gambling is one of the important in-dustries of Fort Worth.

Don't Wear Cumbersome Trusses when our new method without use of knife when our new method without use of simile, is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture. Send two letter stamps for references and pamphlet. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

There are 800 qualified voters in Carroll county, Tenn., who do not vote.

Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed combines French Brandy, Jamaica Gin-ger, Smart-Weed and Camphor Water, the best possible agents for the cure of diarrhosa, cholera morbus, dysentery or bloody-flux and colle, or to break up colds, fevers an 1 inflanf-matory attacks. matory attacks.

THIN PEOPLE. "Weils' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual De-bility. \$1.

It is said that shad was caught recently in Beaver creek, Carroll county, Tenn Carbo lines.

The winter blast is stern and cold

Yet summer has its harvest gold;

And the baldest head that ever was seer
Can be covered well with Carboline.

The building of the new Continental hotel at Pensacola, Fla., is rapidly advancing.

Druggists in malarial districts say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is as much the standard remedy for female weaknesses as quinine is for the prevailing chills and fever. Abb Mesle, of Havre, has quit the church

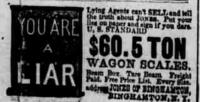
and taken a wife.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c. A new expedition of the African Association left Brussels on the 9th.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is not only pleasant to take, but it is sure to cure.

The attempt to establish sanitary stations on the Epanish lines, near Gibraltar, caused a riot.



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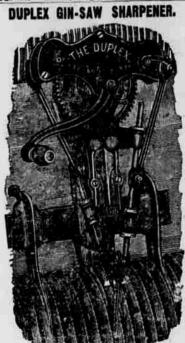
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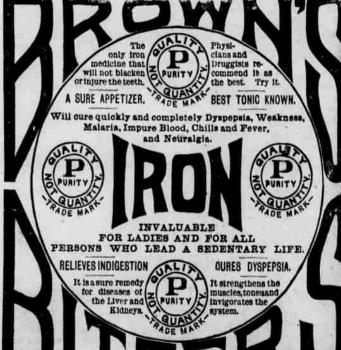
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